

The New Adventure of Wallingford

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WRITTEN BY
George Randolph Chester
Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford"

DRAMATIZED BY
Charles W. Goddard
Presented in Collaboration With The
Famous Pathe Players

INTRODUCING
BURR MCINTOSH J. Rufus Wallingford
MAX FIGMAN Blackie Daw
LOLITA ROBERTSON Violet
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The Master Touch

A big and genial Jim Wallingford, with a high-arched brow and a dimpled nose, was leaning his head on the surface of the desk, looking at the familiar notes to Wallingford, he laid them down, and crumpled up in a chair like a floundering fish.

"Very good," remarked Wallingford, lighting a thick, black cigar. "How's our currency supply?"

"Rather low," stated the bookkeeper, the color coming gradually back into his cheeks.

"Very well, Qualey. We'll have these notes paid in currency. I'll issue the demand in writing. It's a good thing for a bank not to let its currency supply get too low. Cancel all these notes with your time-stamp, showing the date, hour, and minute of cancellation, return them to me by 11 o'clock, and enter them as paid, in cash."

"Yes, sir," heartily agreed Qualey. There was animation in his tone, the moisture of relief in his eyes, actual color in his cheeks, but he was frowning. "We got the actual cash do we?"

"Wallingford blew a placid smoke ring. "Not so," he said. "Not so."

"Oh, lord!" groaned Qualey, his eyes popping.

"I don't see why we can't resign in a body and be done with it," growled the bookkeeper, looking at the director, who had been out of town and was being plunged into the whirl of events without explanation.

"The president, the secretary, the high-shouldered director, and the fat one with the upturned nose were each ready to tell him.

"In that case we'd have nothing to say about our successors," stated President Trine, who was quicker of speech than the others, and his dimple deepened with misgiving as he glanced at the four strangers clustered with Wallingford around the tick of the grandfather's clock. "Our resignation in a body would necessitate a special stockholders' meeting for an election of officers, and since we no longer hold a majority of stock, we would have successors who—," he paused for a choice of words, "who would not understand finance."

"Oh," observed the fierce-whiskered director, his face lighting with pleasure. "As I see it, we step out of office with every piece of commercial paper about which there could be any possible question, called in, paid in cash, and canceled."

"All paid," corroborated Secretary Morris, twirling endlessly at his glossy brown mustache. He was worried this morning. He was about to purchase a new car, and he could not decide on which of two makes.

"In cash," added the high-shouldered director, cracking the knuckles of his fingers in succession. The left thumb gave him some trouble, but he managed it. "Fine!" exclaimed the belated little director. "Where's the cash?"

"Well, as it just happens, there is no need to handle the actual specie, since the president, the secretary, the high-shouldered director, and the fat one with the upturned nose were each ready to tell him.

bank, he leaned his head for five minutes against the cool surface of locker 52. When he brought the familiar notes to Wallingford, he laid them down, and crumpled up in a chair like a floundering fish.

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dollars more than the amount collected, and his client will accept specie—orders on the amounts represented by the notes, taking the notes themselves for delivery."

The proceedings which followed were brief and crisp. President Trine resigned from his office and from the directorate. The remaining directors immediately named J. Rufus Wallingford as director to fill the unexpired vacancy in spite of the fact that he only held one share of stock. Immediately thereafter, they elected J. Rufus Wallingford president, and at once indicated that genial and smiling financier into office.

Secretary Morris resigned, and no sooner had he done so than he ceased to twirl his mustache. The board elected to take his place, one Paul Pollet, a short, chunky young man with thick spectacles and a wiry pompadour.

The fierce-whiskered director resigned and was replaced by the stranger who had sat nearest the clock. The new director's name was W. O. Jones, and he was a bald-headed, fat, and short-sighted, lump-shouldered man, who had received his nickname from the luxurious feigns concealing his countenance. Jim Meenan, a big-nosed man with a red neck and a much chewed mustache, replaced the director with the high shoulders and red neck. Wallingford with a tap of his gavel.

announced smilingly that the board would go into executive session; whereupon the retiring directors arose to file out and leave the People's Bank to fate. Ex-President Trine paused to bend over the chair of President Wallingford.

"It just occurs to me that it might be best not to make that new loan until tomorrow," he suggested.

Wallingford was grateful to him for having paved the way to a suggestion of his own. "I think I'll chance it," he agreed, with a slight contraction of his brows; "but if a bank examiner were suddenly popping in here tomorrow morning or if anything else were to happen, I might have to hustle to account for that three hundred thousand of missing specie."

"That's up to you," returned President Jones. "We're leaving this bank in as solvent a condition as it was on the day of the opening, and we're skimming out through the lobby, where simple-minded business men were eagerly depositing their money."

"Mr. President," remarked W. O. Jones, as soon as the door had closed behind the last of the retiring directors, "I move that we all go in the suit and split the cash."

"Meeting adjourned," chuckled President Wallingford. "And let me warn you, those jawed bankers to buy some tickle toffee and keep right on chewing it until you get on that 2:40 train. Sign these resignations, and don't fill in the dates. Give a big red stamp on each book, he handed them each a thousand-dollar bill and a ticket to New York."

A tall, thin gentleman with a black mustache walked up to the window of the paying teller in the People's Bank, and laid down a check for \$150,000.

"Currency, please," he observed.

The paying teller, who was an elderly man with severe spectacles, examined the check on both sides and Blackie Daw from many angles as possible. The teller, who was a big, burly fellow with his lips and a knot of concentration sprang between his eyes, lifting his spectacles. That name was a new one to him, and he consulted his references. The account was there, brand new, and for the exact amount mentioned on the check. "Have you any means of identification, Mr. Daw?"

"The man who took my money should be able to identify me," stated Mr. Daw, blowing a thin blue thread of smoke into the air.

"I can't pick him out," returned Mr. Daw, his neck refusing most insolently to turn. "It's his business, not mine. I want my money," he shouted.

"There's no necessity for shouting," protested the paying teller, glaring at Blackie. "You'll have your money as soon as you're properly identified. There's something irregular here. I don't find your signature on file."

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utes, Mrs. Grandin," asked the paying teller anxiously, as he counted out the lady's money. "I'd like to talk with you."

"I'll be back," promised Mrs. Grandin sweetly, as she stuffed the money hastily into her handbag. "I want to telephone some friends of mine," and, as she started away the paying teller realized with a sickening sense of disaster that the minute Mrs. Grandin emerged from the door, irreparable damage would be done.

The butter-and-egg man lunged his bulk into the space vacated by the lady and slammed down a check. His eyes were bulging and his cheeks were working. Blackie Daw lunged into the butter-and-egg man's side with a sharp elbow and bumped him away; then Blackie Daw, excitedly requested if the teller, to hold his place in front of the wicket.

"My money," he howled. "You're holding me back because a \$150,000 check will clean your bank! You're going to have a run today and you know it!"

"Call an officer!" ordered the paying teller, about whose aged mouth there was a snap which Blackie rather admired.

President Wallingford stepped forward.

"I know the man," he said, entering the paying teller's cage. "The account is correct, give him the money." He picked up the check, and put his O. K. on it. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded of H. G. Daw. "Are you trying to ruin the People's Bank?"

"They wouldn't give me my money," loudly explained Mr. Daw. "I don't want to put the old officers in bad, but the truth about Prime and the rest of them had to come out before the 2:40 ever anyhow, and I wanted my money."

"Shut up, you fool!" ordered Wallingford, quite visibly angry. "Come back and wait until your money can be counted. Give me room, will you, will you?" Blackie, excitedly requested if the depositors who were crowding in. There were nine of them now in line, and there was no depositor in front of the receiving teller's window. Blackie Daw picked up a big yellow suitcase and, remembering, he cautioned the paying teller, as he moved away, "No one gets paid until I get mine."

The paying teller looked at the receiving teller and received a nod of acquiescence from the paying teller. Both were lost in profound wonder as to how that account of H. G. Daw's had come on the books, but they did not speak. They were too busy to know anything which would be embarrassing to a witness of the scene. The reputation of the mandarin player, and he was haughty.

"Shall I leave you the little collection, Jim?" asked Blackie Daw in the office of President Wallingford, and he affectionately patted the yellow suitcase, now as he moved away, "No one gets paid until I get mine."

"I wish I could stay," reflected Blackie, his eyes twinkling. "You'd be liable to a scolding before you get out of this."

Premiere of "Around the Map" Here Has Already Cost Its Producers \$90,000

Scene Painting Alone Has Brought Expenditure of \$25,000—Costumes and Shoes Entail Expense of \$43,200.

The big musical entertainments, especially those known as "revues," have become progressively expensive. In 1907 "Ziegfeld Follies," the first of the series, was considered a handsome production. The actual outlay was \$32,000. The Follies of the current season cost not less than \$50,000, and the big Klaw & Erlanger show, "Around the Map," which will be seen for the first time at the National Theater, next Monday night, at least \$90,000, will have been expended before the curtain rises upon it.

When excessive amounts are mentioned in print regarding the cost of theatrical productions, the laymen in the audience naturally think these figures are exaggerated, as there are so many expensive concomitants of these big, big shows, in the way of light and other effects that are not seen and sometimes, in fact, never used, but they must be tried.

A conservative estimate of the cost in detail of "Around the Map" by one who has been intimately concerned in its production will be accounted for as follows:

The painting of the sixteen scenes and two portals by the most expensive scenic artist in the world, Joseph Urban, \$25,000.

For the material of same and construction, \$12,000.

Costumes, which are from the most fashionable modistes in this country, at least \$40,000.

Shoes—a pair to every change of costume—\$2,200.

Properties—furniture, draperies, \$8,000.

Electric equipment, \$3,200.

To these add the labor of at least seventy-five stage hands, property men and electricians who have been working upon the rehearsals of "Around the Map" production in the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, for four weeks, in order to insure mechanically smooth performance upon its opening night here.

Everything connected with a first class production of this kind must bear the stamp of fashion and be from the best producers or manufacturers. Production of the "Around the Map" and the rehearsal by the company under the supervision of the producer, librettist and composer at least four weeks before their public performance.

"Around the Map" is described as being the very last word in stage magnificence and will open at the New Amsterdam Theater, November 1, immediately following its premiere in this city.



MISS HAZEL COX.

Washington season of the Symphony Society of New York giving the first of three concerts at the Belasco Theater with Misha Elman as the special attraction of the occasion. Later concerts will follow at the Belasco, Tuesday afternoon, January 11, with Percy Grainger, the Australian composer-pianist, assisting with some of his own compositions.

The orchestra will conclude its series on the afternoon of Monday, February 2, with the appearance of Mme. Frieda Hempel, the world's most brilliant coloratura soprano. This is the thirty-eighth season of the New York Symphony Orchestra, founded in 1877 by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and is the thirty-first season since Walter Damrosch was elected successor to his father.

The "Artist's Course" of concerts, under the management of Mrs. Wilson Greene, will be given at the National Theater five Fridays during the season, when eight world-renowned singers and musicians will be heard in full recital programs, thus affording music lovers and students the full benefits of their great versatility and wonderful art. The programs will include: Friday, December 2, Mme. Emma Destry, the great soprano, from the Metropolitan Opera, New York, with assisting artists; Friday, January 14, Misha Elman, violinist; Friday, February 18, Harold Gade, soprano, and Clarence Whitehill, baritone, from the Metropolitan Opera, New York; joint recital, Wagnerian program, Friday, March 3, Harold Bauer, pianist, and Pablo Casals, the world's greatest "cellist," in joint recital, and Friday, March 31, Pauline Viardot, great ballad singer, from the Metropolitan Opera, New York, and Florence Macbeth, soprano, from the Chicago Grand Opera, in joint recital.

Geraldine Farrar, the distinguished American soprano, will appear in recital at the National Theater, November 9, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

Farrar has been for eight years the

Attractions Here Next Week

(Continued from Page Twelve)

barnyard and marries a wealthy man, only to find that he is a drunkard and a rogue.

Oscar Seagle, the eminent baritone; Ruth K. Townsend, contralto; and Mary Carlisle Howe, composer-pianist, will be the trio of artists who will appear at the New National Theater one week from Friday at 4:30 in the afternoon in the second concert of the "Ten-Star" series.

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the New National Theater is today afternoon, Saturday, 2 o'clock, as soloist a remarkable and beautiful American singer, Florence Hinkle, Miss Hinkle, the last few years, has been soloist with the orchestra several times, but it was not until a year ago that she appeared with the orchestra at one of its Boston concerts. Miss Hinkle will sing the same piece she sang in Boston a year ago. One of these is the "Cavatina," "Vol che sapete," from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," and the highly dramatic and effective "Ave Maria," from Max Bruch's cantata, "The Cross of Fire."

On Wednesday afternoon, November 10, Walter Damrosch will open the

leading prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, House of New York, has been appointed a royal chamber singer in the Kingdom of Prussia, and until the outbreak of the war was annually a much sought "guest" at the Opera Comique in Paris and the Imperial Opera in Vienna, as well as the lesser known operatic institutions of Europe. Miss Farrar, like her notable predecessors, Mmes. Nordica, Eames, Clara Louise Kellogg, and Annie Louise Cary, comes of Maine stock. She was born in Melrose, Mass., near Boston, on February 28, 1882.

Concerts will be given today at 3 and 8:15 p. m. at the B. F. Keith Theater, the program offering "The Gilbert and Sullivan Revue," Taylor, Granville, and company in "The Yellow Stocking," Ryan and Tierney; Whitfield, Ireland and company in "The Belle of Brinkville," Harry and Emma Sharrock in "Behind the Grandstand," June Tempest, Albert Cutler and other attractions.

At the Gaiety Theater at 3 and 8 p. m. today Blutch Cooper will present his "Gypsy Maids" company of entertainers headed by Will J. Kennedy and Jack Miller, in a musical burlesque entitled "On the Trail." The book and lyrics are by Billy K. Wells. During the action of the piece vaudeville numbers by members of the company will be introduced, including "The Carnival Four," Messrs. Smith, Lynch, Wits and Smith; Evans and Davis, in their dance and song specialty, and a trio number by Messrs. Kennedy, Miller and Miss Forsythe. Fifteen musical numbers will be offered by the chorus. A special selection of orchestra numbers for the Sunday program has been made by Richard F. Wagner, the musical director.

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AMUSEMENTS

Masonic Auditorium

New York Ave. and 14th St. N. W.

TONIGHT

Metro Picture Corporation Presents

Francis Bushman

AND

Marguerite Snow

IN

"THE SILENT VOICE"

A Picture of Otis Skinner's Stage Play

Six Acts, Continuous from 6:30 to 10:30

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